



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

284D
(5)

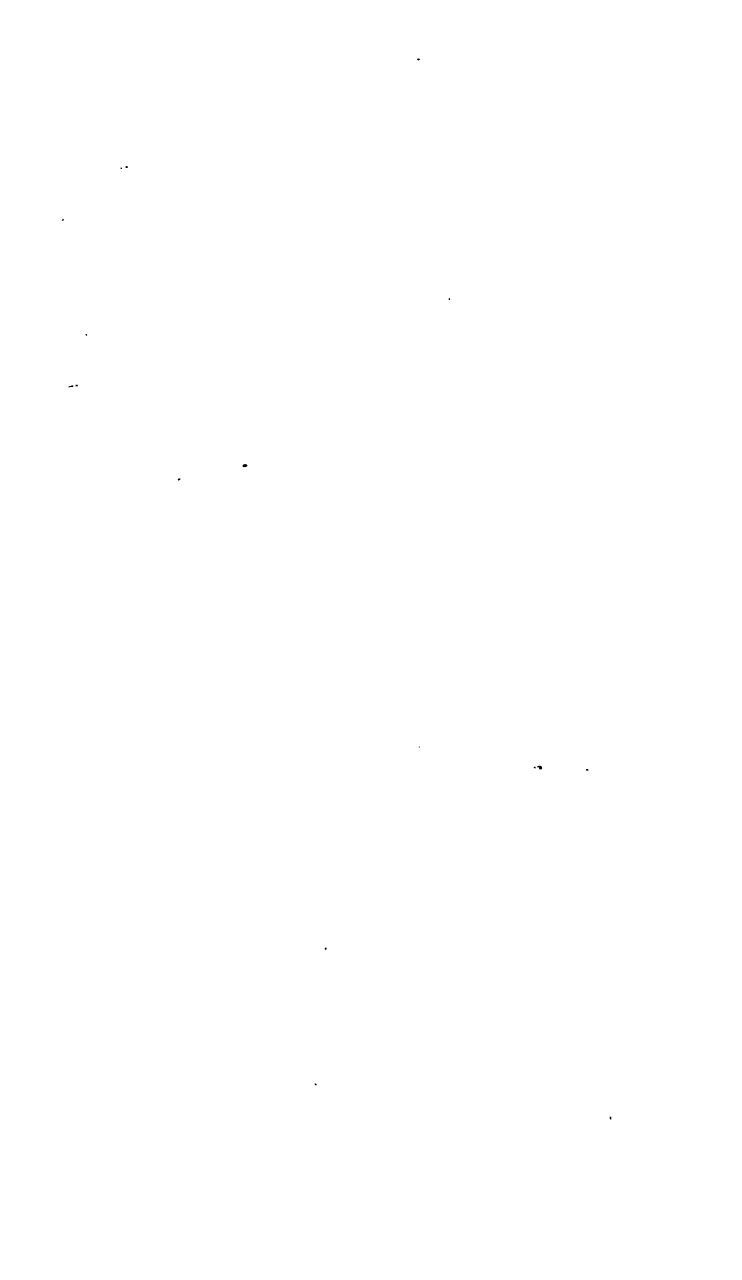




2000

2000







THE LAY
OF THE
LAST PILGRIM.

By the author of
"THE PILGRIMAGE OF ORMOND."

"From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things can do,
From the loud roar of foaming calumny,
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew?" — Byron.



Charleston, S. C.

PRINTED BY W. RILEY, 110 CHURCH-STREET.

1832.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in
1832, by WILLIAM RILEY, in the Clerk's Office of the
Court of South-Carolina.

ROY WOOD
CLERK
TREASURER

INTRODUCTION.

READER!—One word ere cautiously you throw
My lines aside, and ask what critics say;
There are a few, and some does RILEY know,
Who, 'till Reviewers laud, on Counters lay,
E'en works of fancy down;—their brains they pay,
Poor defence thus, yet did we term apply,
To stupid art like this, they'd make display,
Of all the fire that passion gives the eye,
And thund'ring if they could, would call it all a lie.

Yet what do these deserve? I but appeal
To common sense, of which you boast your share;
Do men the Critic ask, how they should feel,
When prospects please, or when they music hear?
Ask they Reviewers, when the pearly tear,
Should glisten on the cheek, at tale of woe?
Or when at merry jest, from ear to ear,
Their mouths are open'd, would they to any go,
And say I laugh at this, you best the reasons know?—

Why! thus it is, with works of fancy too,
 And there is fancy here, as you will find,
 The' truth perhaps has cast its sombre hue,
 O'er half the lines—The work is not design'd,
 For those who are so dull, so void of mind,
 As must the Critic ask, *what think you here?*
 Oh! let it be, if such your case, resign'd—
 Yet wonder not, should you in whisper hear,
 "You skull like others have—but empty 'tis we fear."

Here let me add, that doubtless 'twill be said,
 As oft it has, of brighter bards, tis true,
 Of some who had moreo'er as sane a head,
 I have in all I write, myself in view,
 And suff'ring woe to give my verse its hue,
 Have pity sought—small part of this is so,
 I for amusement scrawl, as many do,
 And careless let my thoughts in numbers flow,—
 Pity give those in want, let them its value know.

These aspirations are my last—my pride,—
 For pride forsooth! I think I hear you say,
 Inspires me still, aye! that I'll throw aside,
 When death shall bid it yield this form of clay—
 I but for that, to worms had been a prey,
 Or worse, to habits, that debase my kind—
 But be it pride in truth, or what it may,
 Which guides mine idle pen, that pen you'll find,
 Will to the hand of death, in triumph be resigned.

ORMONI

THE LAY
OF THE
LAST PILGRIM.

I.

I'VE found, like most of Adam's fallen race,
A pilgrimage ! is human life at best,
Have seen as oft in frowns, as smiles the face,
Of nature's 'midst our happiest wand'rings drest :
Have prov'd a dream, is earthly bliss, a jest.
My pilgrimage ! I will like others write,
In verse, and let my rhymes at least attest,
That though the flame, has not forsooth ! been bright,
I sometimes at Apollo's shrine could tapers light.

II.

Well reader ! on my pilgrimage with me—
I once (and in th' affair was much to blame,
So said my foes at least,) had made too free,
With Byron's muse, and sought my share of fame,
By coupling with his own, my humbler name.
Not vanity in truth ! induced the act,
And those who rail'd at me, had done the same,
Had they known how—But th' humblest are attar
As oft as envy prompts—'Tis quite a well knowr

III.

"As envy prompts," I've said, for that the spleen,
 Fore'er excites of man—to that we owe,
 What oft obscures life's fairest, op'ning scene :
 Beneath its paltry sway th' insidious foe,
 Is sure to make his worse'then coward blow—
 Ah ! blest are those, the happiest of their race,
 If such have ever lived, through life who go,
 And nought of evil can to envy trace,
 Nought trace to Calumny, that weapon of the base.

IV.

By Momus ! not e'en Paganini's spar'd,
 But by the De'il 'tis said was taught to play,
 Nay, some by envy madden'd, have declared,
 The man a Homicide, and frowning say,
 Imprison'd long for this, he found the way,
 (Not having there, sad rogue ! ought else to do,)
 To make the chords his wondrous touch obey,
 Thus sounds produc'd t' amaze the learned few,
 And now by fiddling gets his fame, and fortune too.

V.

'Tis by the Italian is in dudgeon ta'en,
 Who thus assail'd, bemoans his cruel fate,
 Hopes that at length, when in the tomb he's lain,
 His foes will spare the object of their hate,
 Forget he ever was at fiddling great,
 And there at least will let him calmly rest,—
 He doubtless knows ere now, this won't abate,
 A little of their spite, and he had best,
 Be of such calumnies, like other folks his jest.

VI.

Most thoughtless man! what! fortune you and fame,
 By almost magic sounds contrive to make;
 Yet from malicious tongues exemption claim?
 What! cause the hearts of jealous foes to quake,
 Be paid in solid pounds, for empty shake!
 In breathless rapture, list'ning thousands throw!
 Yet think the envious no revenge will take,
 Nor vent their venom, as you draw your bow?
 It proves you music may, but not mankind can know.

VII.

Be wise! on envy thrive, the sole reward,
 That genius now's so oft allow'd to claim,
 Whatever future ages may accord,
 Aye! let it fuel prove, and feed the flame,
 Which gives you something more than empty fame;
 Nay, time it is in truth! that you should know,
 The tigress robb'd of whelps, you'd sooner tame,
 By dulcet sounds, than one, mean, envious foe—
 Let Calumny then give new magic to your bow.

VIII.

Yet why repeat what has so oft been said?
 Things will in this respect, the same remain;
 The envious wretch on malice must be fed,
 With him of course, 'tis "cut and come again,"
 And dulness undisturb'd would hold her reign,
 If mind could thus be cramp'd in its career—
 Complaint in fact, evinces lack of brain:
 There are some dolts, by Phœbus! I could swear,
 Would covet e'en th' applause, clowns give a dolt
 to bear.

IX.

But I will on, say others what they will,
 The world pursues, and ever must, its way ;
 Of venom'd breath, let Malice hiss her fill,
 'Tis instinct prompts—The Vipers but obey,
 A compliment to merit thus they pay ;
 I'll still, and calmly too, my path pursue,
 Nor to correct the evil, vain essay ;
 The envious should the Fable keep in view,
 The statue was not spoilt—the snail but chang'd
 hue.

X.

And tho' it may be no affair of thine,
 Just now good reader, I the truth admit,
 Nor is complaint a part of my design,
 'Tis known full well, that few can calm submit,
 To have a claim, for genius made or wit,
 By other folks,—yet think not now I jest,
 One who in critic's chair did scowling sit,
 Has said my lay immoral was at best,
 My muse, in other words, was by the de'il possess.

XI.

Immoral !—Momus ! what will next be said ?
 I have been sorely puzzl'd I must say,
 And so have others been with clearer head,
 To find out what's immoral in my lay,
 If true, my labour's worse than thrown away :
 Most pure my motives were, as I could swear,
 And some perhaps no compliment would pay,
 Yet credit give my word—such charge howe'er,
 e but a Stoic could, with proper calmness bear

XII.

And I am none—my words had nearly us'd,
 That must most harshly sound to ears polite :
 But I refrain—He must not be abus'd—
 'This critic doubtless had 'gainst me no spite,
 And such became perhaps by common right,
 Outrageous that his own dull verse was spurn'd,
 (For who is there that doggrel cannot write,)
 Against my humble muse his anger turn'd,
 And us'd a sweeping phrase, he from reviews had learn'd.

XIII.

Some in the scale ascend, as is depress'd,
 (However done forsooth !) another's fame :
 Fame ! that's so oft a bubble at the best,
 Is still of fallen man the constant aim,
 And those are bright, who best can black the name,
 Of all who 'bove them rise ; too true indeed !
 'Tis done, alas ! without one blush of shame,
 Some are depress'd, who merely write from need :
 The author's only damn'd, to let the critic feed.

XIV.

A few words more, ere I the theme dismiss :
 I've fame, like many more, as anxious sought,
 A bubble tho' it be, like earthly bliss—
 And oft from woe have inspiration caught—
 Have been of course inspir'd with the thought,
 I'd be remember'd when I've past away—
 Go, others ask, to frenzy nearly wrought,
What prompts a speech of hours length ? they'll say,
'Tis hope, of deathless fame—Thus Milton wrote his lay



THE LAY
OF THE
LAST PILGRIM.

By the author of
"THE PILGRIMAGE OF ORMOND."

"From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things can do,
From the loud roar of foaming calumny,
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew?"—*Byron.*



Charleston, S. C.

PRINTED BY W. RILEY, 110 CHURCH-STREET.

1832.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in th
1832, by WILLIAM RILEY, in the Clerk's Office of the]
Court of South-Carolina.

NOV 20 1832
CLERK
W. RILEY

INTRODUCTION.

READER!—One word ere cautiously you throw
My lines aside, and ask what critics say;
There are a few, and some does RILEY know,
Who, 'till Reviewers laud, on Counters lay,
E'en works of fancy down;—their brains they pay,
Poor defence thus, yet did we term apply,
To stupid art like this, they'd make display,
Of all the fire that passion gives the eye,
And thund'ring if they could, would call it all a lie.

Yet what do these deserve? I but appeal
To common sense, of which you boast your share;
Do men the Critic ask, how they should feel,
When prospects please, or when they music hear?
Ask they Reviewers, when the pearly tear,
Should glisten on the cheek, at tale of woe?
Or when at merry jest, from ear to ear,
Their mouths are ~~open~~'d, would they to any go,
And say I laugh at this, you best the reasons know?—

Why! thus it is, with works of fancy too,
 And there is fancy here, as you will find,
 The' truth perhaps has cast its sombre hue,
 O'er half the lines—The work is not design'd,
 For those who are so dull, so void of mind,
 As must the Critic ask, *what think you here?*
 Oh! let it be, if such your case, resign'd—
 Yet wonder not, should you in whisper hear,
 "You skulk like others have—but empty 'tis we fear."

Here let me add, that doubtless 'twill be said,
 As oft it has, of brighter bards, tis true,
 Of some who had moreo'er as sane a head,
 I have in all I write, myself in view,
 And suff'ring woe to give my verse its hue,
 Have pity sought—small part of this is so,
 I for amusement scrawl, as many do,
 And careless let my thoughts in numbers flow,—
 Pity give those in want, let them its value know.

These aspirations are my last—my pride,—
 For pride forsooth! I think I hear you say,
 Inspires me still, aye! that I'll throw aside,
 When death shall bid it yield this form of clay—
 I but for that, to worms had been a prey,
 Or worse, to habits, that debase my kind—
 But be it pride in truth, or what it may,
 Which guides mine idle pen, that pen you'll find,
 Will to the hand of death, in triumph be resigned.

ORMOND.

THE LAY
OF THE
LAST PILGRIM.

I.

I'VE found, like most of 'Adam's fallen race,
A pilgrimage ! is human life at best,
Have seen as oft in frowns, as smiles the face,
Of nature's 'midst our happiest wand'rings drest :
Have prov'd a dream, is earthly bliss, a jest.
My pilgrimage ! 'I will like others write,
In verse, and let my rhymes at least attest,
That though the flame, has not forsooth ! been bright,
I sometimes at Apollo's shrine could tapers light.

II.

Well reader ! on my pilgrimage with me—
I once (and in th' affair was much to blame,
So said my foes at least,) had made too free,
With Byron's muse, and sought my share of fame,
By coupling with his own, my humbler name.
Not vanity in truth ! induced the act,
And those who rail'd at me, had done the same,
Had they known how—But th' humblest are attack'd
As oft as envy prompts—'Tis quite a well known fact—

III.

"As envy prompts," I've said, for that the spleen,
 Fore'er excites of man—to that we owe,
 What oft obscures life's fairest, op'ning scene :
 Beneath its paltry sway th' insidious foe,
 Is sure to make his worse'then coward blow—
 Ah ! blest are those, the happiest of their race,
 If such have ever lived, through life who go,
 And nought of evil can to envy trace,
 Nought trace to Calumny, that weapon of the base.

IV.

By Momus ! not e'en Paganini's spar'd,
 But by the De'il 'tis said was taught to play,
 Nay, some by envy madden'd, have declared,
 The man a Homicide, and frowning say,
 Imprison'd long for this, he found the way,
 (Not having there, sad rogue ! ought else to do,)
 To make the chords his wondrous touch obey,
 Thus sounds produc'd t' amaze the learned few,
 And now by fiddling gets his fame, and fortune too.

V.

'This by the Italian is in dudgeon ta'en,
 Who thus assail'd, bemoans his cruel fate,
 Hopes that at length, when in the tomb he's lain,
 His foes will spare the object of their hate,
 Forget he ever was at fiddling great,
 And there at least will let him calmly rest,—
 He doubtless knows ere now, this won't abate,
 A tittle of their spite, and he had best,
 Take of such calumnies, like other folks his jest.

VI.

Most thoughtless man! what! fortune you and fame,
 By almost magic sounds contrive to make;
 Yet from malicious tongues exemption claim?
 What! cause the hearts of jealous foes to quake,
 Be paid in solid pounds, for empty shake!
 In breathless rapture, list'ning thousands throw!
 Yet think the envious no revenge will take,
 Nor vent their venom, as you draw your bow?
 It proves you music may, but not mankind can know.

VII.

Be wise! on envy thrive, the sole reward,
 That genius now's so oft allow'd to claim,
 Whatever future ages may accord,
 Aye! let it fuel prove, and feed the flame,
 Which gives you something more than empty fame;
 Nay, time it is in truth! that you should know,
 The tigress robb'd of whelps, you'd sooner tame,
 By dulcet sounds, than one, mean, envious foe—
 Let Calumny then give new magic to your bow.

VIII.

Yet why repeat what has so oft been said?
 Things will in this respect, the same remain;
 The envious wretch on malice must be fed,
 With him of course, 'tis "cut and come again,"
 And dulness undisturb'd would hold her reign,
 If mind could thus be cramp'd in its career—
 Complaint in fact, evinces lack of brain:
 There are some dolts, by Phœbus! I could swear,
 Would covet e'en th' applause, clowns give a dancing
 bear.

IX.

But I will on, say others what they will,
 'The world pursues, and ever must, its way ;
 'Of venom'd breath, let Malice hiss her fill,
 'Tis instinct prompts—The Vipers but obey,
 A compliment to merit thus they pay ;
 I'll still, and calmly too, my path pursue,
 Nor to correct the evil, vain essay ;
 The envious should the Fable keep in view,
 The statue was not spoilt—the snail but chang'
 hue.

X.

And tho' it may be no affair of thine,
 Just now good reader, I the truth admit,
 Nor is complaint a part of my design,
 'Tis known full well, that few can calm submit,
 To have a claim, for genius made or wit,
 By other folks,—yet think not now I jest,
 One who in critic's chair did scowling sit,
 Has said my lay immoral was at best,
 My muse, in other words, was by the de'il possess'd.

XI.

Immoral !—Momus ! what will next be said ?
 I have been sorely puzzl'd I must say,
 And so have others been with clearer head,
 To find out what's immoral in my lay,
 If true, my labour's worse than thrown away :
 Most pure my motives were, as I could swear,
 And some perhaps no compliment would pay,
Yet credit give my word—such charge howe'er,
None but a Stoic could, with proper calmness be

XII.

And I am none—nay words had nearly us'd,
 That must most harshly sound to ears polite :
 But I refrain—He must not be abus'd—
 'This critic doubtless had 'gainst me no spite,
 And such became perhaps by common right,
 Outrageous that his own dull verse was spurn'd,
 (For who is there that doggrel cannot write,)
 Against my humble muse his anger turn'd,
 And us'd a sweeping phrase, he from reviews had learn'd.

XIII.

Some in the scale ascend, as is depress'd,
 (However done forsooth !) another's fame :
 Fame ! that's so oft a bubble at the best,
 Is still of fallen man the constant aim,
 And those are bright, who best can black the name,
 Of all who 'bove them rise ; too true indeed !
 'Tis done, alas ! without one blush of shame,
 Some are depress'd, who merely write from need :
 The author's only damn'd, to let the critic feed.

XIV.

A few words more, ere I the theme dismiss :
 I've fame, like many more, as anxious sought,
 A bubble tho' it be, like earthly bliss—
 And oft from woe have inspiration caught—
 I have been of course inspir'd with the thought,
 I'd be remember'd when I've past away—
 Go, others ask, to frenzy nearly wrought,
 What prompts a speech of hours length ? they'll say,
 'Tis hope, of deathless fame—Thus Milton wrote his lay

XV.

Ambition ! fame ! ye meteors of a day !
Ye bubbles blown by children six feet high !
Poor fallen man's bewilder'd by your ray,
Ye break and mock his o'er excited eye,
And leave in mental gloom, the wretch to die.
To die ? oh no ! he by a line that bears
The stamp of mind, may death itself defy,
And immortality full often shares,
With him, who in the search, has spent his four-
years.

XVI.

Thus, "*Millions for defence, but not a cent
For tribute,*" by a patriot sage was said,
Who once to France upon a mission went,
Whilst she 'neath tyrant mobs so often bled,
And bands by women were to slaughter led !
That single line, immortal makes the sage,
Who now is number'd with the mighty dead ;
And native bards are proud t' adorn their page,
With his bright words, who was, 'mongst worthies
the age.

XVII.

And yet the honors worthy such a mind,
He from his native State once sought in vain,
By party spirit then, as often blind,
Such honors too as he could elsewhere gain !
But this no theme for me, and I abstain ;
Death since has set his seal : they'll soon know how
T' appreciate worth like his : In higher fane
He has a niche, and is far happier now,
Than if the crown of all the earth enrich'd his brow

XVIII.

But for my pilgrimage! in truth 'tis time,
I something on that topic now should say,
And not in mere reflections vent my rhyme,
Which might e'en tedious make a brighter lay;
I'll onwards go, relating whilst I may,
Events that struck my fancy most, each bright,
Or gloomy scene, depicting dark, or gay,
As it to me had seem'd, and as I write,
Will let no favor prompt, be still less sway'd by spite.

XIX.

Come reader, quit with me the crowded mart,
Where man's so oft a visor forc'd to wear,
To scenes of nature turn, they'll mend thy heart,
Nay even smooth perhaps thy brow of care;
Come with me then, one moment loiter where
The works of nature admiration claim—
To noblest minds such scenes are ever dear:
Poor artist I, yet must the Bard be tame,
Who with his pen procures not e'en a painter's fame.

XX.

Oft 'midst thy wildest scenes a summer's day,
VIRGINIA, have I pass'd in days gone by,
Where nature's plastic hand a vast display
Of wondrous works had made, such as defy,
'Twould seem, Time's mould'ring grasp: long hours
have I,
From haunts of men, there often stray'd, and sought,
As from thy mountain heights, was cast mine eye,
The inspiration ancient bards have caught,
*There had my loftiest flights—oft humbled was by
thought.*

XXI.

There from a rock that o'erlooks the vale,
I've once before describ'd, upon the scene,
I've gaz'd, could fancy I descried a sail,
Upon the billowy, all stupendous green,
That lay beneath, like Ocean's waves I ween,
Destin'd fore'er 'twould seem to be the same,
No change, save in their hue is ever seen :
An Epoch with the flood at least they claim,
And look eternal, tho' they all from nothing came.

XXII.

Oh! that 'midst wilds like those, without one want,
Save such as bounteous nature could supply,
I could but pass my days—and cry avauant,
To all that smack'd of earthly vanity,
There quiet live, and quite as tranquil die :
Dispos'd, whate'er had been my wrongs, to aid
My fellow man, in woe and misery,
And when my last, my greatest debt was paid,
In one sad native spot, at peace fore'er be laid.

XXIII.

I love mankind no less, when thus I'd shun
This worthless world, with all its empty joys,
And paltry strifes—and tho' I'd gladly run
To desert wilds, to rid me of the noise,
They make like children squabbling for their toys,
I've serv'd, and will again, my fellow man,
But intercourse with him too oft destroys
The best resolves, and but for lovely woman,
A hermitage had been—not pilgrimage my plan,

XXIV.

Aye years ago, long ere by th' hand of time,
 A single hair was blanch'd or furrow made—
 I'd sought, when I Parnassus heights would climb,
 My inspiration in each tranquil glade,
 And to the Nine in caves my courtship paid;
 Aye, years long since I'd left the stage of life,
 Incog behind its scenes had laughing staid,
 Had left it but for those who're fond of strife,
 And shunn'd the ills with which each hour there is rife.

XXV.

Then mountains were mine altars, by the bye,
 Where I have felt devout as some who pray
 In temples made with hands. I look'd on high,
 Nor ask'd for sacred thoughts the Sabbath day,
 Whilst I could on their lofty summits stray—
 There rais'd 'bove earthly feelings of my kind,
 As oft of care like others made the prey,
 I've sought, 'midst nature's rugged scenes to find,
 Fit solace for those cares that weigh upon the mind.

XXVI.

Why mine was troubl'd *then*, I do not know,
 'Twas of poetic temperament a part,
 Perhaps. Anticipation of the woe
 I've since endur'd—Yet thus is cleans'd the heart,
 And man made humble thus, attains the art,
 Of forming worlds as bright, aye brighter far
 Than ours—This pointless makes death's threatening
 dart,
Makes Heroes smiling die, on fields of war,
Bewild'ring more howe'er, than in asylums are.

XXVII.

'Twas "passion's essence!" which alone can give
 The highest inspiration to the race,
 Of fallen man, by which alone we live,
 For future times, and soar above the base,
 And paltry pleasures of the crowd who chase
 The gaudy butterflies, that senseless mirth
 Pursues—'Tis that which oft in lines we trace,
 Deep stamp'd upon the face soon after birth,
 And gives the look that scarcely seems in truth of earth.

XXVIII.

He who's possession on't, its worth has paid,
 Nay something more full oft—'tis all too true,
 And gladly would it then aside be laid,
 If how the tortur'd owner only knew,
 For 'tis a boon to but a chosen few,
 Nay oft to these is but a gilded chain,
 They spite of smiles, the sad distinction rue,
 Which goads them on through life and mads the brain,
 A true epitome perhaps of endless pain.

XXIX.

'Tis this sad essence which oft plunges deep,
 Its victim in the dread abyss of crime,
 Which ever places on the dizzy steep,
 Of mad ambition, him who'd reckless climb,
 And makes him on the bloody stage the mime,
 (Whilst frenzy prompts,) the fiendlike part to play,
 And carry havoc to some happier clime,
 Forgetful quite poor insect of a day
 He flutters but his hour, and then must pass away.

XXX.

'Tis that, and often only that has urg'd
 The stern ascetic to the gloomy cave,
 From which the sly imposter once emerg'd,
 Who to the world for truths his ravings gave,
 Commission'd as he said, lost man to save,
 To whom have millions bow'd, and millions will
 Yet unborn, worship as a god, the knave,
 Who to his purpose thus, the fools could drill,
 Whilst led by empty hopes, they earth with havoc fill.

XXXI.

Aye! thus it is, and to the end of time,
 'Tis fear'd will be—and men who prate of mind,
 Will at a mortal's nod, plunge deep in crime,
 Seem but as slaves in truth! to be designed,
 And on themselves the galling fetters bind.—
 Yes thus it is since sin began her reign,
 And men would bliss in other regions find,
 They mar in this—They words of truth disdain,
 And learn when but too late, 'tis sought elsewhere in
 vain.

XXXII.

'That essence too the bright enthusiast makes,
 And value stamps on all he does or says:
 This urg'd, whilst Earth convuls'd beneath him shakes,
 The elder Pliny once to fix his gaze,
 On vast Vesuvius, 'midst its greatest blaze,
 And as 'tis view'd with philosophic eye,
 The martyr there of science ends his days,
 Calm whilst sulphurous vapors hid the sky,
 He look'd on nature's throes, smil'd 'midst her agon

XXXIII.

'Tis passion's essence too the "live long night,"
 When all around are wrapt in calm repose,
 Has made the anxious lover watch the light,
 That from the half op'd casement dimly glows,
 Of her he loves, and tho' perhaps he knows,
 His passion will alas! ne'er meet return,
 He thither lost to reason nightly goes,
 And whilst in torture, still his temples burn,
 As fond, as falsely hopes, that she will cease to spurn.

XXXIV.

'Tis passion's essence that oft forces those,
 Who find alas! that they but love in vain,
 (Whilst cruel fate, or friends as harsh oppose,
 Their fond desires,) the poisoned cup to drain,
 And in the tomb a refuge seek from pain,
 Such as the finest, purest hearts but know,
 And then united are in death the twain,
 In whose soft breasts the passions fiercest glow,
 And what was source of bliss—becomes a source of woe.

XXXV.

'Tis passion's essence too, that to the grave,
 Of those, who once than life were lov'd far more,
 Can force the sad bereav'd, when death they crave,
 And every fibre in their heart's deep core,
 Asunder's rent, by madd'ning anguish tore,
 And pangs, to which those of the rack were ease:
 Language, for agony like this were poor!
Passion! thy woes! most fearful triumphs these!
'Tis man! heart broken man! but knows this wild
disease.

XXXVI.

By man, I mean mankind; the fallen race,
 Of either sex this malady but know,
 To what sad cause soe'er the curse we trace,
 Convincing proof full oft, man's lot is woe,
 Most madd'ning proof, that death is then a foe;
 Aye! feeble woman has her fullest share
 Of grief like this, that truly passeth show:
 Her passion's essence oft is but a tear,
 And some, that wrath too starts that pearly drop would
 swear.

XXXVII.

Yet e'en with this, if true, no fault I'll find,
 With smiles, or tears, the heart of man she sways,
 And ever will—He's blest to both resign'd,
 Who with a faithful one can pass his days;
 She has with either, such bewitching ways,
 That was my time for gallantry not gone,
 I'd dedicate a canto to her praise:
 But now perhaps 'twere wiser let alone,
 To brighter hours at least, the task I must postpone.

XXXVIII.

Yet were it not indeed! an arduous task—
 I would but suffer truth my pen to guide,
 Let it my bruised heart to all unmask,
 And show its every throb: but I'm denied
 Such topic now, and throw the pen aside:
 For one, is even yet too great the theme,
 Who Love in former days, had defied,
 Who's had his share of life's extatic dream,
 And on whose path no more do rays of gladness beam.

XXXIX.

All this mayhap, is deem'd sad idlesse all :
 The mind its impress takes from day of gloom,
 And wintry clouds, bland nature's sombreast pall,
 Enshroud the sun, and me 'twould seem they doom,
 To pen but sad, dull thoughts ! no longer bloom,
 The flowers that were opening yesterday :
 All wears a sable hue— I'll e'en resume
 The story of my wand'rings whilst I may,
 And while as I am wont, such dreary thoughts away.

XL.

The mind full oft its bliss, or woe can make,
 And mine for this, has been severely drill'd :
 Wild thoughts, that did my soul with passions shake,
 I've often silenc'd thus, if so I will'd,
 To solace suff'ring, man at length is skill'd,
 And refuge seeks from vice, nay, from despair.
 Thus drops, that from the heart have been distill'd,
 Whilst eyes in sympathy refus'd a tear,
 Have told a tale of woe, that words could not declare.

XLI.

'Tis oft with pray'r, solc refuge left by woe,
 Which being has, to thrilling pages given,
 Whilst wretches who had else by mental throe,
 Too often been to utter madness driven,
 Have griefs forgot, nay, had their dreams of Heaven.
 But I must on, for this is idlesse still,
 And tho' for such digressions I'm forgiven,
 Once more my gloomy muse ! once more I will,
 But at describing scenes, not feelings, try my skill.

XLII.

'T'll e'en essay again to play my part,
 As all on life's perplexing stage must do,
 Who would not show, how crush'd by grief's the heart,
 Which even woe should not, must not subdue;
 It breaks, but bends not, save t' a chosen few—
 Nay, but too oft alas! can bend to none,
 For ah! it is indeed! as sad, as true!
 When most we need them, bosom friends are gone,
 And man must smile a broad, heart broken, sigh alone.

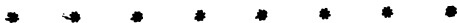
XLIII.

Aye! weep, and sigh, as all should do, alone,
 Who would not have the heartless mock their woe,
 Each mortal deems most dreary is his own,
 Till with reality his cup o'erflow,
 And he the diff'rence then is made to know,
 Between his fancied ills, and those which overwhelm
 The soul in bitterness, that passeth show,
 When tortur'd reason quits perhaps the helm,
 And man's fit subject made, for Horror's darkest realm.

XLIV.

Where neither sighs, nor tears, the wretch relieve,
 Accumulated woe, on woe, is there,
 If we but as some gloomy souls believe,
 Who seem t' exult that wretches may despair!
 But this just now, is not mine own affair,
 I'll not to such for comfort ever go,
 Nay, will I add, tho' Bigots at this stare,
 That some, aye! but too many, seem to know,
 No road to future bliss, save thro' the depths of woe

XLV



XLVI.

Here on this elevated ground, with me,
 Good reader! may it please thee, stand—Lo! there!
 Great SHENANDOAH bursts, as like a sea,
 By Tempests rous'd, it rushes on—and here!
 As fierce POTOMAC boils! their roar we hear,
 As each essays, 'twould seem, to get ahead,
 And foaming, swell and rage, as if they'd tear
 Yon rocky mass from its primeval bed.
 See! how they seem to spurn each spot, o'er which
 they've sped!

XLVII.

Yon beauteous vale was once, so sages say,
 Who causes by th' effect, so often trace,
 A wat'ry waste, until these streams a way
 Found o'er yon height, and to its very base,
 The mountain tore, in their impetuous race,
 Rocks, Earth, and Trees, there in confusion threw,
 And gave to Savage man, the desert place—
 A wilderness no more lies 'neath thy view,
 The scene's by culture chang'd, lo! golden is its hue.

XLVIII.

Contrast with this all wild and rugged spot,
 The varied, mellow'd tints, that woo thy gaze:
Behold yon smiling fields, each peaceful cot,
Yon thread-like streams that work their devious way

How beauteous is the view—as from the rays
 Of setting sun, soft shadow'd is the vale!
 Here bounteous Ceres all her stores displays,
 There now ten thousand flowers scent the gale,
 Where savages were wont their light canoes to sail.

XLIX.

All's rough and rocky here! how calm below!
 An emblem is of life th' entire scene!—
 There thund'ring o'er the rocks, the water's go,
 The vale there blooms, where once a sea has been.
 Regard! and wisdom from the prospect glean,
 Let thy imagination take its flight,
 (To less effect it often has I ween,)
 Can'st thou conceive a drop to gain yon height,
 And through a fissure, lead the flood in all its might?

L.

Here thou may'st give imagination rein,
 Yet if ambitious, take wise lessons here;
 Thou art in thy Creator's sight as vain,
 As that once sparkling drop, yet thou wouldst dare,
 To scan his ways: ah! rather ask thou where,
 The countless myriads that have pass'd away,
 Of thine own race, e'en like that drop!—declare!
 Where wilt thou be, when ends thine insect day?
 Wilt thou be more esteem'd than last night's lunar ray?

LI.

Oh! who that on bright scenes like this can gaze,
 Whilst you dense mass of clouds that skirt the west,
 Illumin'd are by those soft ling'ring rays,
 Tho' life he had esteem'd a dream, a jest.)

But humbly bows, and hopes "what is, is best,"
 When he beholds the smiling vale below,
 A waste of waters once, His power attest,
 Who bade these swollen streams to ocean flow,
 And made a trifling drop, perhaps yon passage show—

LII

Humiliating thought! mere worm is man!
 Who yet e'en dares to scan th' Almighty's ways,
 Presumptuously would ask, 'where these began,'
 Not awe-struck by the wonders he surveys,
 Unmov'd perhaps, can idly on them gaze.
 Here Atheist, if thou'rt one, be aw'd fore'er,
 And as the sun yon summit gilds with rays,
 Kind Nature's voice, tho' but in whisper, hear,
 "There is in truth a God! his Works proclaim his
 here!"

LIII.

Survey such scenes poor worm! and let thy pride,
 Thy pride of intellect, by which so high,
 Thou deem'st thyself now rais'd, be thrown aside,
 With each presumptuous thought—extend thine eye
 From rocks which here, in rugged grandeur lie,
 To shadows trac'd, o'er yonder smiling plain,
 The being of God then dare deny:
 For if such prospects meet thy view in vain,
 Thou'rt something worse alas! than wretched and
 insane.

LIV.

*Say, what compared to these, the works of man?
 What sculptured marble, and the chisel'd stone?*

hat the vast arch that does the river span?
 y all the glories Rome once call'd her own,
 ow by destruction doom'd to be o'erthrown?
 e! what are these, and all the piles of art,
 he world e'er saw, compared to nature's throne,
 idst scenes like these? ask thou vain man thy heart,
 and it will say to thee, that chance had here no part,

LV.

waterfall in fact, first made me feel
 ine insignificance—a small one too,
 was, and not Niagara* where we reel,
 alf dizzy made by th' all stupendous view,
 mists bright colour'd with the rainbow's hue—
 e surely who that cataract has seen,
 o which I'll give a canto soon, or two,)
 it doubts th' existence of a God, I ween,
 ill not converted be, by any other scene.

LVI.

e'll next the Site a transient visit pay,
 here first the settlers fix'd in days of yore—
 hold this once their Town! but where are they,
 ar pilgrim sires, who sought this distant shore?
 as! their places know them now no more,
 heir tombs, this ivy cover'd pile attest,
 hat life's sad, fitful dream, with them is o'er:
 ot e'en the swallow there now builds her nest,
 on owl may hoot in vain—it not disturbs their rest.

* To this word the Reader will kindly give the vulgar pronun-
 ciation to suit the metre. "Niagra" now.—Some other time I will
 give to it its thundering epithet.

LVII.

The creeping vine which mantles o'er the pile,
 And nearly hides the structure from our view,
 As it deep shadows too, the grass grown aisle,
 And to the mouldering arch imparts its hue,
 Coeval is with yon o'erspreading yew,
 And is in keeping with the sombre scene:
 But where the hands that did these marbles hew?
 Where now the feet that tripp'd o'er yonder green?
 All, all have pass'd away, as if they ne'er had been.

LVIII.

High, ardent spirits those! who hither came,
 And dar'd 'midst wilds, the wilder savage brave,
 A passing tribute, from the Bard they claim!
 One pensive sigh, from Beauty's lips would crave,
 And one bright tear, might glisten on each grave,
 Of those stern pioneers in Freedom's van,
 Who braving dangers on the stormy wave,
 The structure of the holiest fane began,
 That e'er was raised to truth, and to the rights of man.

LIX.

Giants were they indeed of mighty mould!
 Who sought a refuge in this newer sphere,
 Which tyranny denied them in the old,
 Nor vainly sought: they find it surely there,
 There they now sleep, nor know an earthly care.
 Where's now the spirit that unconquer'd led,
 Those men of sterling worth, from homes so dear
 To civ'liz'd man? Oh! has that spirit fed
 A flame in other breasts—or's the holy fire dead?

LX.

* * * * *

LXI.

And those wild tribes! MONACANS! where are they?
 The MANAHOACS and POWHATANS where?
 These with the other tribes have pass'd away,
 Nor left a single trace that they were here,
 Save yonder Mound! which may perhaps declare,
 If not yet dust their bones, that there they lie,
 And earth in common with their victors share:
 Extinct their race, or sent elsewhere to die,
 Whilst for their "father-land," their offspring vainly sigh.

LXII.

Long since th' inventions have of man refin'd,
 And civiliz'd, some millions of the race,
 Of Adam's sons, but for the wilds design'd,
 Quite driven hence, and arts that most debase,
 The Savage 'midst his woods, who by the chase,
 Was taught to live, have their sad victims found.
 Here! let Refinement hide in shame her face!
 She has not spar'd this sacred spot of ground!
 The plough has been at work, and corn waves o'er the
 mound!

LXIII.

Here I might moralize, aye! for hours here,
 Nor would the time thus past, be spent in vain,
 I might for th' Indian's wrongs invoke the tear,
 To heartfelt indignation yield the rein,
 And to their cruel fate devote the strain—
 But I the task to loftier bards resign,
 On whom the Muse a brighter smile may deign,
 High themes like that, no part of my design,
 More peaceful topics now, a humbler strain be mine.

LXIV.

Yet who are these, that with expanded chest
 And lofty mien, in silence pass this way ?
 Their tawny hue's of Indian blood the test,
 Whilst their proud steps the Freeman still display,
 In stature like to him, who Poets say,
 Lord of the lyre was, and th' unerring bow.
 Lo ! at the mound they halt, and homage pay.—
 In attitude of grief, disdaining show,
 They moan around its base, their only sign of woe.

LXV.

Their father's sacred bones were buri'd here,
 When all the Western World was theirs by right :
 Who can behold the looks deep stamp'd with care,
 Of this sad remnant of a Nation's might,
 And find no tear of pity dim the sight ?
 But list ! the elder Chief's about to speak,
 Behold his eye ! lit up with ray of light,
 That mocks indeed ! his care worn, furrow'd cheek,
 Yet seems to say, on foes he still could vengeance
 wreak.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S ADDRESS.

“ Brothers ! my heart is full, aye ! full of grief !
 I could become a woman in my woe,
 And like her seek perhaps, in tears relief,
 But tears from aged eyes, should cease to flow,
 And Tallapoosa's sun, as you all know,
 Sinks in the West and is no longer bright—
'Tis time indeed ! it should now cease to glow,
I've liv'd too long—and this is but a sight,
To blast me as is oft the Pine with lightning's blight.

"What! could the Whites not even spare,
 A spot like this, that's set aside for woe?
 Would they have watered with the Indian's tear,
 The crops that o'er our graves luxuriant grow?
 Brothers! my heart is full, to overflow,
 Yet from my head, I'd tear mine aged eyes,
 Did they one mark of woman's weakness show—
 We may the Whites tho' victors still despise:
 Their love of gold did this—we cannot feel surprise.

"Brothers! to our "Father land" no longer known,
 We still like Freemen can our lot deplore,
 The distant wild is still the Indian's own,
 Altho' a dreary path we'll travel o'er,
 And I shall see this sacred spot no more;
 This insult with the rest we calm must bear:
 Of one thing may our injured tribes be sure,
 Some future foe will have his triumph here,
 And o'er our conq'ror's graves, as savage pass the share.

"Yes gold! the White man's only God, will yet
 Promote the Indian's cause—our race will see,
 (Nor let them Talapoosa's words forget,
 Who in the land of Spirits then will be,
 And from such sights as this, forever free,)
 Our race will yet behold, tho' scatter'd far,
 Revenge for this will take our Deity,
 And on our cruel foes indignant war:
 I like the Raven snuff the smell of blood afar."

LXVI.

The Indian pauses, and with solemn pace,
 Now quits the sacred mound: his haughty eye
 Is fix'd on this sad remnant of his race,
 And casting then submissive looks on high,

Appeal to Heaven he makes, with heartfelt sigh—
 His plume of feathers flutt'ring in the wind,
 The lead he takes—No falt'ring we espy :
 Like one to life, or death, or woe, resign'd,
 Yon Chief an emblem is, of free, unfetter'd Mind.

LXVII.

And here LAS CASAS ! I'd a tribute pay
 To thee, the Indian's earliest, firmest friend!
 For such thou'st prov'd thyself, when 'neath the sway
 Of Tyrants, nations groan'd, and thou didst lend
 Thine energies, nay, in their service spend
 Thy spotless life—Yet thou too hadst thy foes,
 Who would, (as vain as vile, the charge,) contend,
 Thou sought'st to shield their race from slavish blows,
 Yet mad'st the dusky Moor partaker of their woes.

LXVIII.

Upon the face of this most senseless tale,
 Its refutation is—but ah ! fore'er,
 Will Virtue have its foes—nay, so oft fail
 To meet its due reward, its triumph here,
 That Earth scarce seems in truth ! its proper sphere.
 He, who man's selfish views would stern oppose,
 Or from the hypocrite his mantle tear,
 Will make for every friend, a thousand foes,
 Aye ! bitter one's forsooth ! as but too oft he knows.

LXIX.

But thou ! Las Casas ! ask'd not man's applause,
 Far higher hopes, far nobler views were thine !—
 For him who spends his life in their sad cause,
 Who toil 'neath burning suns, or still worse, pine
 Within the precincts of the loathsome mine,
Earth scarcely has an adequate reward—
To thee will Heaven its recompense assign,

Whilst here, a humble Bard would glad record,
The praise thy paltry foes had not the soul t' award.

LXX.

Yes all who rev'rence virtue owe to thee,
A sim'lar debt, and proudly should efface,
This stain upon thy name, not let it be,
A bye word for the wretches of thy race,
Who to their grov'ling level worth debase :
Alas ! we find in life's oft desert way,
Not many flow'ry spots—so seldom trace
Amidst the gloom, one such bright, cheering ray,
We well may pause at this, and heartfelt homage pay.

LXXI.

Cold is his heart, ah ! how much worse than cold ?
Who would not gladly rescue worth like thine,
From blot so foul, or calmly hear it told,
That sanction'd was by thee the vile design—
For thee our proudest wreath we'd now entwine,
For thee, thou friend of man ! his equal there,
Who godlike sought the depths where wretches pine,
And taught of Heaven, essay'd to make this sphere,
A scene of bliss again—need I name HOWARD here ?

LXXII.

It is to names like these, that fallen man,
May look and hope, that he's not lost fore'er,
That from his race, will by degrees the ban
For sin be ta'en, and bliss once more this sphere
Bright purified from stain, her own declare :
Aye ! names like these, as Pharos o'er the main,
In lofty grandeur 'midst the waste appear,
Still destin'd as our Beacons to remain,
And point us to the time, when peace fore'er shall reign

LXXIII.

My words "may look and hope," I here repeat,
 Good reader as you see, mayhap you'd hear
 My reasons too, tho' not in Cynic's seat
 You are—Had I a name inserted there,
 The Sacred Name of One who from despair,
 The wretched sinner saves, and depths of woe,
 I had not said *may hope*, but with the tear
 Of gratitude, had said *by faith may know*,
 That he's not lost fore'er, term'd Infidel or no.

LXXIV.

What should we be without high mark like this,
 By which when tempest tost, our course we steer?
 Such godlike men with Christ still point to bliss,
 And whisper ~~peace~~ ^{bring} peace to him who'd else despair,
 Say with their God, "thy load in patience bear,
 And would'st thou happiness hereafter gain,
 First humbly seek to make thy Heaven here:"
 Not infidelity dictates this strain,
 If such 'tis deem'd, I must sad Infidel remain.

LXXV.

RELIGION! Deity's bright handmaid! thou!
 Whose smiles alone assuage the wretch's woe,
 And ease the thousand ills, that stamp the brow
 Of fallen man, t' himself the greatest foe,
 Whilst passion's slave, to thee we'd ever go,
 Wert thou not made so oft alas! to frown,
 So sternly too,—For 'tis to thee we owe,
 Each Godlike deed, thine influence is thrown,
 O'er every act of those, whom thou hast made thine or

LXXVI.

And yet how oft hast thou been made to fright
 E'en from propriety ! our wretched race !
 How oft been made the op'ning flow'r to blight,
 That innocence had cull'd, and stamp't the face,
 With horror's fearful lines ? Oh ! God ! we trace,
 To sad, and most mistaken views of thee,
 The with'ring fears that th' human mind debase :
 What marvel ! men Religion shun, who see,
 That tho' her smiles be bliss—her frown's Insanity ?

LXXVII.

I once have passed, with hundreds of my race,
 Amidst the mountain wilds a Sabbath day:
 The young, and old, had sought the silent place,
 Fit spot for those, to Nature's God, who pray :
 Th' umbrageous woods and rocks, shut out the ray
 Of Noonday sun—Thither from miles around,
 A crowd of either sex, had found their way,
 On horse, or foot, they'd else not reach'd the ground,
 So much in largest masses, did the rocks abound.

LXXVIII.

There came, the youthful maid with blooming face,
 The wrinkl'd matron there, and men with age
 Bow'd down—and tho' a smile we'd sometimes trace,
 All nearly seem'd as grave, as was the Sage,
 Who gave instruction from the sacred page ;
 Two, each in turn, th' inspir'd volume read,
 And briefly lectur'd from a rustic stage,
 For pulpit meant, erected in its stead,
*Beneath the shade of vines, whose tendrils join'd o'er
 head.*

LXXIX.

A third commenced, upon whose visage Time,
 Had sternly stamp't, the lapse of three score years,
 His themes, the fall of man, th' abyss of crime,
 An outrag'd God, whom man by sinning dares :
 On these he dwelt, whilst neither sex he spares,
 And many of the flock both old and young,
 By sad reflections wrung, disolv'd in tears :
 Their heads, some blooming ones most pensive hung,
 And awe struck on the earth, one wretch himself had
 flung.

LXXX.

Upon the young he chiefly turn'd his eyes,
 And lectured most! 'twas strange! the beauteous fair,
 Whose well adjusted dress of various dies,
 Wild flowers freshly cull'd, and braided hair,
 Evinc'd that thoughts of Earth had had their share,
 When thus they'd deck'd themselves—The Preacher's
 look,
 And smile, for such his features seem'd to wear,
 Was mystery to me—his hand he shook,
 Oft at the youths, who glances at each other took.

LXXXI.

"Aye! ye have deck'd yourselves ye slaves of sin!"
 At length he said, "Yet hither came to pray,
 Ye doubtless thought ye here might lovers win,
 No pin was placed, I'll venture now to say,
 'Till in the glass ye did each fold survey,
 Say! how will ye be decked when opes the tomb?
 Where all your flowers on that fearful day?
 Where all your beauty then! where then your bloom,
 When will fore'er be fix'd your sad, and final doom?"

LXXXII.

he continued in this gloomy strain,
 long in truth ! it seem'd at least to those,
 know its sad result upon the brain,
 or bewildered man, bow'd down by woes
 : Adam's fall—'Twas plain he would not gloze,
 sinner to his peace—One might detect,
 certain signs, as he more ardent grows,
 tion at the sermon's small effect :
 all would shriek and rave, he did no doubt expect.

LXXXIII.

ake," he shouted now, " Ye fools ! who sleep !
 umb'rrers o'er th' abyss ! awake ! arise !
 venging Angel soon the Earth will reap,
 unavailing then the tears, the sighs,
 ch sad wretch who unrepentant dies ;
 : ! sleep ye still ? Yon cloud to you will tell,
 is God's messenger, there, turn your eyes,
 I bid you break, sin's worse than death like spell,
 I say that ye now slumber on the verge of hell.

LXXXIV.

e ! look, and ye ! ye giddy ones ! may grin,
 st ! oh ! Sons of Mammon ! for I say,
 soon my voice will 'midst the thunder's din,
 st, my solemn warning thrown away—
 heed the words of truth, whilst yet ye may ;
 cloud is distant still, ye fondly think,
 some perhaps believe, no judgment day
 e'er arrive—'Tis thus, supine ye sink
 ie Lake fore'er—Ye're now upon its brink.

LXXXV.

The eyes of all were turned from him who spoke,
 To the small cloud to which he pointed then,
 Some thoughtless ones had smiled, the elder folk,
 (A few there were of three score years and ten,)
 Reprov'd with frowning looks, the younger men;
 The Preacher still held forth, but kept his eye,
 Oft on the cloud, which fast approach'd the glen,
 And soon in sombrest masses hid the sky,
 Whilst through th' o'ershadowing trees, the winds began
 to sigh.

LXXXVI.

"Aye! from this tempest, mortals! ye can hide,"
 He thundered forth, as he the crowd survey'd,
 Whilst many of the flock responsive sigh'd,
 And there was more than one sad trembling maid,
 As he continu'd thus—"Ye're all afraid,
 To meet e'en storm like this, tho' ye may hie
 To yon vast oak, find shelter 'neath its shade:
 But oh! when's roll'd up as a scroll the sky,
 Where will ye sinners! skulk, from God's all seeing eye!

LXXXVII.

"What will ye, when before assembled worlds,
 Your secret-crimes, each hidden, horrid thought,
 To light is brought, and you, in wrath he hurls,
 Forever from his sight? oh! is there nought,
 Can rouse you from your sleep? will ye be caught
 In Satan's snares, who'll triumph in your fall?
*What will ye, wretches! when to frenzy wrought,
 By recollection of your sins, ye all
 On rocks and hills to hide you from his sight will call*

LXXXVIII.

"Aye ! call and shriek in vain, the mountains may
 E'en quake, the rocks be rent in twain,
 They will but each vile skulking wretch betray,
 Tho' 'neath the load for ages he hath lain—
 No longer then, God's pard'ning grace disdain;
 Shun, whilst you may, the regions of despair,
 Of mental anguish, and eternal pain :
 Oh ! shun that fearful, dreary region, where
 The wretch is madden'd most, who'd raise his soul in
 prayer.

LXXXIX.

"Soul tort'ring thought ! can aught here equal this !
 Can aught surpass it in those regions, where
 He who had known in innocence the bliss,
 Of blest communion with his God in prayer,
 "Address that outrag'd God, no longer dare ?
 Oh ! shun ere 'tis too late, that region shun,
 Where God is not, where frenzy reigns fore'er,
 A world of utter darkness, where no Sun,
 Can e'er arise upon the wretched and undone."

XC.

A flash of vivid light, as thus he spoke,
 Burst from the cloud, depriving all of sight—
 We heard its crash, as on the giant oak
 It fell, and level'd with the dust its might—
 How'd to thrice told centuries its height,
 And seem'd reserv'd by Time but in this way,
 To show his power, who with Electric light,
 O'er works of Nature, or of Art, his sway,
 Can by the humblest means, to fallen man display.

XCX.

A peal now shook the Earth, nay seemed to speak !
 The Preacher paused, as well indeed he might ;
 Himself a sinner too, if by the cheek,
 And hagard eye, tho' short time since so bright,
 He now were judg'd—sad emblems of affright,
 The females were ; the Preacher trembled too,
 Bewildered seemed—A mass as dark as night,
 Thick shrouded all the glen : there were but few,
 Not shocking sinners there, if judg'd but by their hue.

XCII.

But 'gainst such mode of judging I protest,
 As one sad sinner there, the greatest too,
 Perhaps by far, however bad the rest,
 Nor trembl'd then, nor chang'd at all his hue ;
 Here let me whisper but a word or two,
 On honor Reader not myself I mean,
 Tho' not in truth ! amongst the chosen few,
 I was not worse than other folks I ween,
 Who witness'd on that stormy day the troubled scene,

XCIII.

But to resume !—the scene to me was new,
 I never had before such tempest seen,
 Amongst the wilds, nor clouds of such a hue,
 Tho' 'midst the mountains I had often been,
 And as tho' Pilgrim, I contrive to glean,
 A varied scene or two, from every source,
 Protected from its force, (the storm's I mean,)
I could but smile to hear one shout till hoarse,
"The De'il the hindmost take, to horse ! good folks !
horse !"

XCIV.

To horse it was 'ifaith ! they scamper'd all,
 Each seem'd resolv'd he would not be the last,
 Nor waited then to hear a second call :
 All on their steeds were set, wild looks were cast
 Behind, and some few as by me they past,
 And saw one with me seated 'neath a rock,
 Scarce much dispos'd to move, look'd all aghast,
 Thought us no doubt the lost sheep of the flock,
 Nay formed a wish perhaps, that would a Heathen shock.

XCV.

This disposition is by most possest,
 Of deeming other folks to sin a prey,
 Each of himself with good opinion blest,
 Thinks he'll of course to heaven find the way,
 Whilst may, *perhaps*, he d—d his fellow clay:
 'Twould seem as if these had alone parta'en,
 Of that blest sun which throws on all its ray,
 Yet of the heart, and brain, a sight obtain,
 You'll find materials oft, in each to make a Cain.

XCVI.

This 'twill be said is no affair of mine,
 Each doubtless for himself the heart must cleanse,
 Aware how hard this is, 'tis no design
 Of mine to point the way, I've easier ends
 In view, and leave such tasks for abler pens,
 Than I possess—No homilies I'll write,
 Alas ! who tries it oft the world offends,
 And's rated with LA MANCHA'S errant Knight,
 Who did, to prove his prowess, once with windmills
fight.

XCVII.

Yet look I prithee in thy glass mean while,
 Those lines! were they in truth! all made by time?
 Or does not conscience say, (tho' thou may'st smile,) *)*
 That some sad furrows there, were trac'd by crime?
 If thou dost angry get, and spurn my rhyme,
 Regard, instead of thine, thy neighbour's face,
 The task is easier now—There's one who'd climb,
 Most recklessly! and thou may'st smiling trace,
 The lines that prove he deems no means for this too
 base.

XCVIII.

Alas! the mirror! what reflections there!
 What villain changes in't we daily see!
 His features long unseen, man e'en would swear,
 Could scarce be his, would sigh, "it ne'er can be,
 That Time, or Care, has made such change in me,"
 But ah! what changes in the heart mean while,
 Were it but scrutiniz'd as faithfully!
 Tho' ye who still have blooming cheeks may smile,
 The face is vilely chang'd—the heart's oft thrice as
 vile!

XCIX.

This not more pitious is forsooth! than true,
 So from such mirrors with disgust we turn,
 Nor of our hearts e'er take a second view,
 Lest by the fearful sight too much we learn,
 And must ourselves at last indignant spurn.
 Time woeful furrows makes, but by the mass!
 His works e'en after all we might not mourn,
 If he but marking Visages, would pass,
 And not the deuce too play, with human hearts, alas

C.

But wild digression this!—'Twas here I met
 Once more, the Wanderer, of whom I've made
 Some mention, if the reader don't forget,
 Tho' where, it matters not—He, 'neath the shade,
 Of a projecting rock, with me had staid,
 The scatter'd flock regarding with an eye,
 That oft a smile had won from beauteous maid:
 An orb, that seem'd to read the thoughts that lie,
 The deepest in the breast, yet search itself defy.

CL.

"With all this rant," he said, "I yet presume,
 Few real Converts hath this Preacher made,
 Or ever will, by sermons fraught with gloom:
 In vain for us hath Christ a ransom paid,
 If still is wretched man of God afraid.
 Despair, alas! can ne'er to Heaven lead:
 That I'm at least a Deist would be said,
 For thinking thus—How fortunate indeed!
 We never need to man, for final mercy plead."—

CIL.

"Men thus have oft been term'd, the best inspir'd,
 Devout and holy men thus oft assail'd,
 Who have with love to God, and man been fir'd,
 Those too, whose faith 'neath trials has not fail'd,
 Who at the stake and faggot have not quail'd;
 By mercy aided, have in triumph died,
 And Christ their Savior all exulting hail'd.
 But man for sway o'er th' human mind has sigh'd,
 Oft reckless of the means—This with the rest hath
 tried."

CIII.

"And some, 'tis strange! the preference give despair,
 'T' effect their ends—From purest motives too,
 Those I at least, mean not to question here,
 'Tis God must judge the heart—yet 'tis too true,
 They give to trembling man but sombre view,
 Of him who sent his only Son to save
 Our race from depths of woe! There are a few,
 Correct the accusation is as grave!
 Who happiest are when they can make the wretched
 rave!"

CIV.

The Wanderer a moment paus'd, or two,
 Some painful thought had flash'd across the brain!
 And pallid was of his sad cheek the hue,
 Whilst curl'd his lip with somewhat of disdain,
 The theme he chang'd, nor turned to it again:
 "Those fair ones there!" he said, "all vainly fly,"
 And as he spoke, a torrent pour'd the rain;
 "More beauteous one, has seldom met my eye,
 Than her who near us sat:" he added with a sigh.

CV.

In most respects his confidence I'd won,
 Some weeks before, and now I ask'd him, why
 He had not long ere this, selected one,
 Cheer'd by whose smiles, he could the world defy,
 And sooth'd by her caresses, cease to sigh?
 Ah! ne'er can I forget the look he gave,
Unearthly quite! the lustre of his eye,
As he replied, nay almost seemed to rave,
 "Tho' selfish oft is man—I'm not such sorry knave!"

CVI.

"Oh! no 'twere base, 'twere something worse than base,
 From scenes of tranquil joy to tempt one now,
 I'll ne'er induce a beauteous one to trace
 With me life's desert wilds—I know not how,
 To play the Villain, thus—No one shall plough,
 By me seduced, time's oft tempestuous sea :
 Alone I'll brave its storms, whilst at the prow,
 Of my sad bark, sits moody thought—For me,
 None such bright dreams remain : all's stern reality.

CVII.

"And yet methought! aye! 'twas a blisful dream!
 I from my shatter'd bark last night with one,
 Whose smiles oft tranquil made life's troubl'd stream,
 Had joyous landed on a shore, where shone
 The Sun of Truth—We wander'd there alone,
 Saw the far distant waves by tempest beat,
 All brilliancy!—There heard th' unearthly tone,
 Of softest, seraph voice that seem'd to greet,
 The landing on that happy soil of pilgrim feet,"

CVIII.

"'Twas but a vision of the night, and past,
 As dreams *perhaps*, must over pass away;
 The happiest, but a moment seems to last,
 The brightest, like the dazzling meteor's ray,
 Yet dreams like these assist us still to play
 Our part, altho' so oft, a painful part,
 'Midst life's sad troubled scenes, and seem e'en gay,
 Whilst we our aid, to science give, or art,
 And 'neath approving smiles, forget a broken heart.

CIX.

" And may we not too hope to dream away,
 Our souls into eternity ? may we,
 'Midst visions such as this, not find our way,
 To everlasting bliss ? may we not be,
 To brighter spheres in blest reality,
 Transferr'd, when we through trials here have past,
 That fit us for the vast felicity,
 Assign'd to chasten'd man, when he has cast,
 The shroud of death aside, triumphantly at last ?

CX.

" We nothing know ! no one returns to tell,
 From that dread bourne, what 'tis indeed to die,
 Tho' myriads still, on countless myriads swell,
 The spoiler's drear array—His ways defy
 Our strictest search—and ne'er to mortal eye,
 Will be explained, the fearful mystery—
 Nay, is it not a fable deem'd by those,
 Who fools ! would into mysteries espy,
 O'er which her veil, Truth still so wisely throws,
 That from the grave's embrace, the Son of God arose ?

CXI.

" Fore'er for fallen man, too deep, too high
 The ways of Heaven—Oh ! let him humbly kneel,
 And thank the Deity, that to the eye
 Of mortals, he doth still no truth reveal,
 That does not lead to his eternal weal:
 Could he the secret trace beyond the tomb,
The fallen wretch would sin without appeal:
In mercy 'tis, no ray illumines that gloom,
Or sinful man himself had fix'd his final doom."

CXII.

He paus'd, then said—" Was I what once I've been,
 Ere stern reality had frown'd, and fate
 Had thrown her with'ring glance upon the scene,
 'Of ev'ry joy, mayhap!—but 'tis too late,
 I'll not repine, but yield me to the state,
 I feel that nought can change, save death alone:
 My destiny forbids me now to mate,
 Tho' I could call the beauteous one mine own,
 Who smil'd on us to-day—such hopes are all o'erthrown.

CXIII.

" Aye! now tho' oft will inspiration give,
 Such orbs of heaven's own serenest hue,
 Without love's smiling influence I'll live,
 And ne'er can know the blissful days I knew,
 When woman's love a charm o'er being threw,
 That made me deem my Heaven here below:
 Those days alas! were short, and ah! how few!
 And now, tho' her soft smile a spell may throw,
 It breaks not that of death—But strengthens that of woe

CXIV.

" And yet the anguish too! e'er I could form
 Such sad resolve!—What torture of the mind,
 E'er all alone I could thus breast each storm,
 On life's wild billows test, and be resign'd,
 That none I should forlorn, e'er seek to find,
 Who'd share my grief, and soothe each mental throe,
 My aching head sustain, and cheering bind
 My temples when they throb'd—aye! smiling go,
 With me through Afric's sands, or Zembla's trackless
 snow."

CXV.

"Yes, anguish 'twas ! for oft and oft again,
 I've in my musings riveted my sight,
 On smiling phantoms of th' excited brain,
 Which seemed to whisper me, that still I might
 Find earthly bliss, then too, a thousand bright
 Anticipations, of I knew not what,
 Were conjured up—But Truth did frown, and blight
 My flowers, ere they bloom'd, and I forgot
 All, all, except my wayward fate, my cruel lot.

CXVI.

"Yes it was agony ! for I have had,
 Capacities for happiness, surpast
 By few, perhaps by none, and I am mad,
 Whene'er a retrospective view I cast,
 Or spite of me, wild mem'ry brings the past,
 To shew me all, aye ! all that I have lost :—
 Then like the sea-boy on the quiv'ring mast,
 I've found my firmness would be empty boast,
 Did not a whisper say, "man never quit thy post."

CXVII.

"The scene will e'er long close : I have a feel,
 To warn me of th' approaching end design'd :
 Now through my veins the sluggish life drops steal,
 With icy coldness oft—and next they find,
 Like lava streams, their course—I am resign'd,
 Nor unprepar'd to die—Some yet may learn
 Howe'er, who deem me oft bereft of mind,
As worms when trod upon will writhing turn,
So he may 'bove them soar, whom they would glad
spurn.

CXVIII.

" 'Twas strange coincidence ! " he added then,
 " This tempest ! and the sermon here to day !
 Fine subject for the pencil or the pen ;
 I'll on it but a sonnet now essay ;"
 And from his orbs there shot that vivid ray,
 Which none mistake who genius by the eye
 Can trace, tho' humbly shrouded 'tis in clay ;
 He mus'd a moment then, with looks on high,
 And wrote the sonnet thus, concluding with a sigh

THE SONNET.

'Twas silence all !—save that the Preacher spoke,
 And to a cloud directs the sinner's eye,
 Bids him, who dares a jealous God provoke,
 By crimes, beware, lest in his sins he die—
 For refuge from the storm points to an oak,
 But tells him vainly from his God he'll fly—
 Behold !—a flash of light has crush'd the tree!
 And God in thunder says, " turn ye to me."

Aye! sinful man! the Thund'rer's language hear,
 It tells you Earth no refuge has for crime,
 But that you outrage him, when you despair,
 Who'll mercy show in his own proper time—
 When sins, tho' red as scarlet, wash'd away,
 Each soul shall heaven reach, and have eternal day.

CXIX.

*I Reader! here will bid thee now adieu,
 We ne'er shall meet again for aught I know.*

Tho' neither may much care for that 'tis true,
I'd wish, farewell's a word so full of woe,
Thou ne'er may'st feel how much it may be so,
But that a senseless wish would then be mine,
For if thou hast a heart, when to the foe,
Some object well belov'd, thou must resign,
The pangs which give it birth, must all alas! be th

CXX.

As PILGRIM ! I will meet thee now no more :
My staff, tho' not my pen, aside I throw,
It had been well perhaps, had I before
Thrown both aside—and sought to solace woe
By other means—One better did I know.
The time howe'er will come, aye ! come it must,
When other Pilgrims to my grave will go,
And say, "whate'er his faults, it were but just,
From Calumny to shield at least the Poet's dust."

NOTES.

NOTE TO IVth STANZA OF INTRODUCTION.

“————— It doubtless will be said,
“I have in all I write, myself in view.”

When it is recollected, that in the scene between Adam and Eve, after the fatally tasted fruit, Milton is supposed to have had in view, his own disputes with his first wife, all subsequent Poets, I should perhaps say in fact, all writers of the imaginative class, may very well make up their minds, to have their readers, quite as busily engaged, in discerning resemblances, and coincidences. “*Nous sommes persuadés,*” says a celebrated French writer. “*que les grands écrivains ont mis leur histoire dans leurs ouvrages. On ne peint bien que son propre cœur, en l’attribuant à un autre, et la meilleure partie du génie, se compose de souvenirs.*”

The excessive absurdity, to which, in nine cases out of ten, this sort of gossip, for reasoning it can scarce be called, would lead us, may be exemplified by what the same author has said when commenting on those very justly celebrated lines of Racine,

“*Hélas ! du crime affreux dont la honte me suit,
Jamais mon triste cœur n’a recueilli le fruit !*”

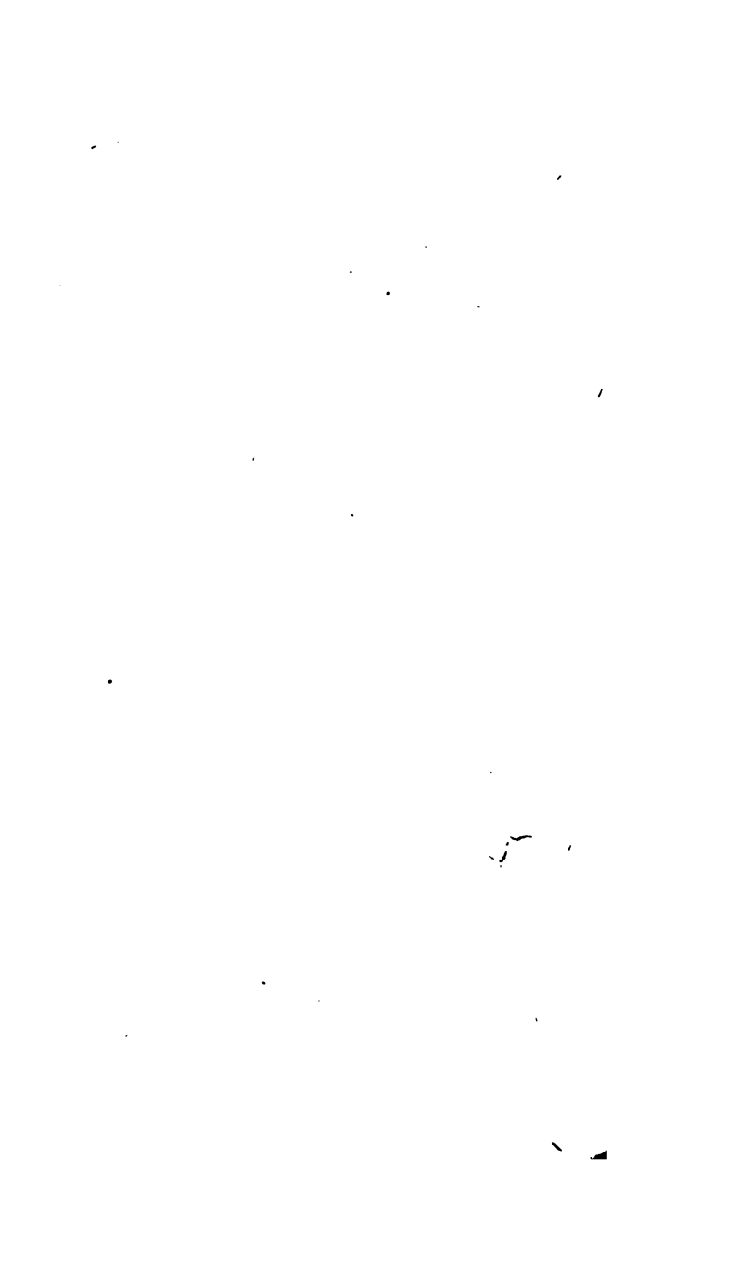
“Il y a là dedans,” says the author, “*du génie de Christianisme,*” “un mélange des sens, et de l’âme, de l’espoir, et de fureur amoureuse, qui passe toute expression. Cette femme qui se consolerait d’une éternité de souffrances si elle avait joui d’un instant de bonheur, cette femme n’est pas dans le caractère antique, c’est la Chrétienne reprouvée. C’est la pécheresse tombée vivante entre les mains de Dieu—Son mot est le mot d’un damné !” In other words, and in plain English, if Mons. De Chateaubriand’s notions above cited are correct, poor Racine must have been at least half d—d him-

self before he could thus have written the energetic *Phædra*, the concluding lines of which I have just quoted, may be understood, however, explicitly to deprecate all accusation for profanity, in thus expressing myself, which it is as far from my wish to exhibit, as it is from a desire to speak respectfully of the celebrated French *Dramatist*. The sin, such at least I take it to be, is, that after all our inquisitive disquisitions upon the subject, the operations of the human intellect remain, and will ever be a secret, from all but the fortunate or unfortunate possessor. How much more so the operations of the mind, whose intellectual powers, (for purposes often too but dimly shadowed out,) enable him to soar as high as his fellow mortals, as the author of *Paradise Lost* has done. Thus ridiculously supposed to have introduced a “curtain of modern times! “*risum teneatis amici?*” into one of the most did efforts of genius, the world ever witnessed.

NOTE TO STANZA IX.

“The Statue was not spoilt—the snail but chang’d its

A very civil acquaintance, without one word however to the unkindness of the cut, told me once, that some of my the Pilgrimage of Ormond, were, to use his own word, / It was in vain that I answered him, that mine was but a tion, and that I fancied parallel lines might be found in Harold. This, his very profound respect for the Lord would not allow him to admit, and 'tis possible I was However that be, I hereby offer him a Shilling each, for all of the sort, against the *Majesty of Rhythm*, in the foregoing of twelve hundred lines, provided they are so decided to be, competent judges. He may possibly find this a more profitable calculation than publishing his own lays.—



Cur
HN







